

The Mirror

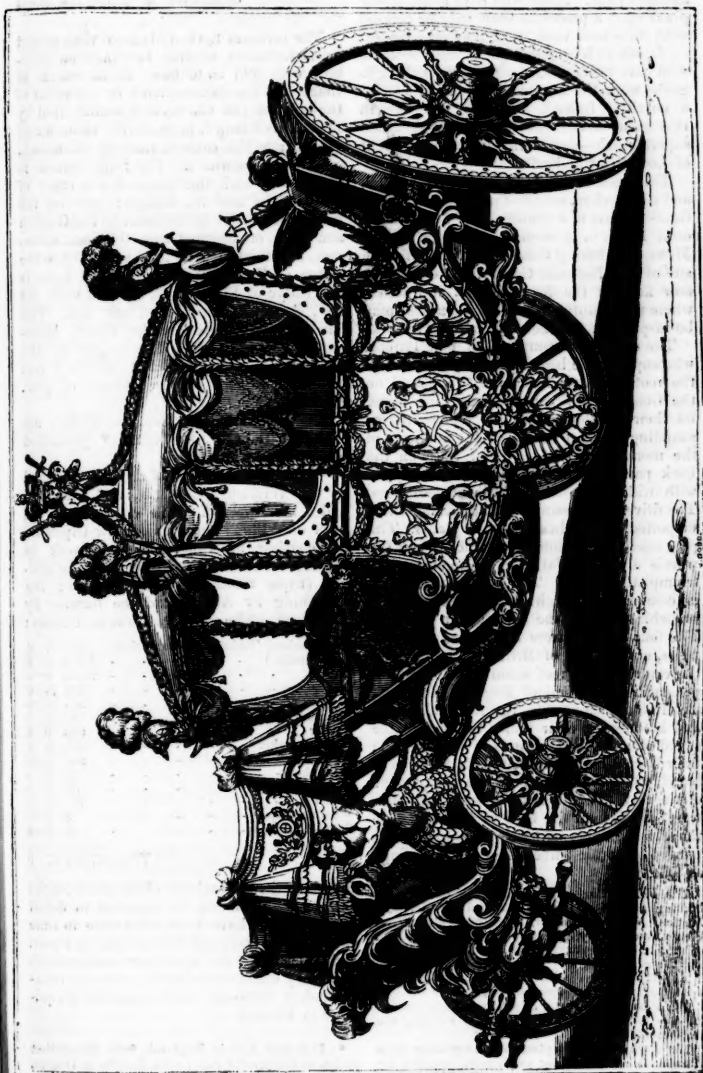
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 709.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.]



HIS MAJESTY'S STATE COACH.

HIS MAJESTY'S STATE COACH.

OUR readers may be gratified with the representation of this costly wonder, on the annexed page. Those who have seen the original upon a procession-day, may be pleased with this near view, that they may inspect its details in leisure and quiet: and, to others who have never caught a glimpse of the gorgeous work, the Engraving may be altogether a novelty. Indeed, there are hundreds in this great town, who have never seen this superb coach—one of the most magnificent of London's wonders.

This coach was built in the year 1762, and is, therefore, seventy-three years, or nearly three-quarters of a century old. It was kept, until lately, in a mean shed, in the King's Mews, at Charing Cross, taken down for the site of the National Gallery. The coach is now kept at the Royal Mews, at Piccadilly, where the minutiae of its sumptuousness may be inspected. A general description follows:

The carriage is composed of four Tritons, who support the body by cables, fastened to the roots of their fins; the two placed on the front of the carriage bear the driver on their shoulders, and are represented as sounding shells to announce the approach of the monarch of the sea; and those on the back part carry the imperial fasces, topped with tridents, instead of the ancient axes. The driver's footboard is a large scallop shell, supported by bunches of marine plants. The pole resembles a bundle of lances; and the wheels are in imitation of those of ancient triumphal chariots. The body of the coach is composed of eight palm-trees, which, branching out at the top, sustain the roof. The four angular trees are loaded with trophies, emblematic of British victories. On the centre of the roof stand three boys, representing the genii of England, Scotland, and Ireland, supporting the imperial crown, and holding in their hands the sceptre, the sword of state, and ensigns of knighthood; their bodies being adorned with festoons of laurel, which fall thence to the four corners of the roof. The intervals between the palm-trees, which form the body of the coach, are filled in the upper part with plate-glass: the panels below are embellished with paintings as follow:—

The Front Panel.—Britannia seated on a throne, holding a staff of liberty, attended by Religion, Justice, Wisdom, Valour, Fortitude, Commerce, Plenty, and Victory, presenting her with a garland of laurel; in the background, a view of St. Paul's and the river Thames.

The Right Door.—Industry and Ingenuity giving a Cornucopia to the Genius of England.

The Panels on each side of ditto.—History recording the reports of Fame, and Peace burning the Implements of War.

The Back Panel.—Neptune and Amphitrite in a triumphant car drawn by sea-horses, attended by the Winds, Rivers, Tritons, Naiads, &c. bringing the tribute of the world to the British shore.

Upper Part of ditto.—The Royal Arms, ornamented with the order of St. George, the Golden Fleece, the rose, shamrock, and thistle entwined.

The Left Door.—Mars, Minerva, and Mercury supporting the imperial crown.

The Panels on each side of ditto.—The liberal Arts and Sciences protected.

The inside of the body is lined with scarlet embossed velvet, superbly laced and embroidered with gold as follows: in the centre of the roof is the star, encircled by the collar of the order of the Garter, and surmounted by the imperial crown, pendant the George and Dragon; in the corners, the rose, shamrock, and thistle entwined. The hind lounge is ornamented with the badge of the order of St. Michael and St. George; and on the front is the badge of the order of the Gueyph and Bath, ornamented with the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The hind seat-fall has the badge of St. Andrew; and on the front is the badge of St. Patrick, adorned with the rose, shamrock, thistle, and oak leaf. The hammock-cloth is of scarlet velvet, handsomely embroidered. The length of the carriage and body is 24 feet; width, 8 feet 3 inches; height, 12 feet; length of pole, 12 feet 4 inches; weight, 4 tons.

The following additional particulars are extracted from a little volume* published within the last month:—

"This splendid work of art was designed by Sir William Chambers, and executed under his direction. The carving was the work of Wilton; the painting by Cipriani; the chasing by Coit; the coachwork by Butler; the embroidery by Barrett; the gilding, (triple throughout,) by Rujolas; the varnishing by Ansel; and the harness by Ringstead. The whole cost was as follows:

| | £. | s. | d. |
|--|-------|----|----|
| Coachmaker, (including wheelwright and smith,) - - - - - | 1,673 | 15 | 6 |
| Carver - - - - - | 2,504 | 0 | 0 |
| Gilder - - - - - | 933 | 14 | 6 |
| Painter - - - - - | 315 | 0 | 0 |
| Laceman - - - - - | 737 | 10 | 7 |
| Chaser - - - - - | 665 | 0 | 0 |
| Harness-maker - - - - - | 385 | 15 | 0 |
| Mercer - - - - - | 202 | 5 | 10 |
| Bit-maker - - - - - | 99 | 6 | 0 |
| Milliner - - - - - | 30 | 4 | 0 |
| Sadler - - - - - | 107 | 13 | 0 |
| Woollen-draper - - - - - | 4 | 3 | 6 |
| Cover-maker - - - - - | 3 | 9 | 6 |

Total £7,661 17 5

Such was the original cost of the state-coach; but we shall scarcely be expected to detail the sums that have been, from time to time expended in keeping this vehicle in repair, and preserving its splendour untarnished. Drawn by eight noble horses, superbly caparisoned, it forms the most magnificent equipage in Europe.

* Domestic Life in England, from the earliest period to the present time; with Notices of Origins, Inventions, and Modern Improvements. See Chapter on English Couches.

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In a menti (Nos. follow "A was la and v ter." "A mo natural specim bourho a chure near V (p. 378) cient y about Surrey. been p Conque and in the fav and he celebra its hist ordinari Sir V of Cath and bu solemn reduced of the Mr. Dr. Aik have be church "some Sunday in Wor

The Naturalist.

THE AWBURNE.
(To the Editor.)

MR. DEWHURST (*Mirror*, p. 100.) says that the "awburne," one of the four trees of which Edward IV. enacted each of his subjects should have a bow, is "supposed to be the alder." Without either denying or admitting the correctness of this supposition, it may be observed, however, that the author of the volume on Timber Trees, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, identifies the "awburne" with the laburnum, which, he says, is still called "awburne saugh," or "auburn willow," in many parts of Scotland. *Southwark.* JAMES FENNEL.

THE YEW-TREE.

In addition to the remarkable yew-trees mentioned by Mr. Dewhurst in the *Mirror*, (Nos. 706 and 707,) may be adduced the following:—

"At Hedsor, in Buckinghamshire, there was lately, if there be not still, one in health and vigour, full twenty-seven feet in diameter." (*Vegetable Substances*, vol. i.) In the *Magazine of Natural History*, the Rev. Mr. Bree has written an interesting article on an aged yew-tree in Buckland churchyard, near Dover, which measures in circumference twenty-four feet, and in height about twenty-five or thirty feet. Evelyn mentions a large yew at Sutton, near Winchester, as being "a monster" in point of size. The reverend naturalist above mentioned, says many fine specimens of old yews occur in the neighbourhood of Dover, and particularizes one in a churchyard by the side of the road to Deal, near Walmer. Hone, in his *Year-Book*, (p. 376,) has given an engraving of an ancient yew-tree, in Windlesham churchyard, about a mile and a half from Bagshot, in Surrey. This tree, which is alleged to have been planted in the time of William the Conqueror, is in circumference twelve feet, and in height twenty-one. The yew was the favourite tree of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her yew-tree, at Crookstone, was very celebrated; but, perhaps, more on account of its historical associations than of any extraordinary appearances visible in it.

Sir Walter Scott tells us, that in the time of Catholicism in Scotland, branches of yew and box were substituted for the palm in solemn processions, after which they were reduced to ashes, and, on the Ash-Wednesday of the next year, distributed among the pious. Mr. Dewhurst, (*Mirror*, p. 99.) considers Dr. Aikin incorrect in supposing the yew to have been used for the internal decoration of churches. Mr. Lees, however, says he saw, "some years ago, about the time of Palm-Sunday, every seat in the church of Bistorton, in Worcester, decorated with boughs of yew."

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"May it not admit of a question," says the Rev. Mr. Bree, "whether, in some particular cases at least, (I am far from saying in all,) the church may not have been brought to the yew-tree, rather than the yew-tree to the church? In ancient times, probably, the yew occurred in greater abundance, as a spontaneous native plant, than it does at present; and, without doubt, its propagation and growth were far more generally and sedulously encouraged. The wood is now no longer needed, as formerly, for the supply of implements for war or for the chase; and the well-known injurious effects of the foliage on cattle, at least, when eaten in a withered state, have, doubtless, tended to the extirpation of the tree in pastures, &c., to which our domestic animals have access. I should not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that in the 'olden time,' the species was copiously scattered about in most parts of the country; or that, in some instances, a particular spot might have been selected rather than another, for the erection of a church, among other reasons, mainly on account of some yew-tree that grew upon it. I am the more inclined to this opinion by observing the very high antiquity of some of our churchyard yews, which have the appearance of being more than coeval with the churches near which they are found: in saying this, I am, of course, not alluding to churches of modern erection.

"It has been suggested to me, by an able and valued antiquarian friend, that though he sees no objection to the above hypothesis, still a more simple argument may be formed on the great probability of the churches having undergone an ancient re-edification or alteration." The observation of Mr. Bree's friend is applicable in the case of the Windlesham yew, if the allegation be correct of its having "existed while three churches have successively raised their walls beside it." Mr. Lees, it may be stated, also considers with Mr. Bree, that our ancestors selected sites for their churches "where yews were already growing, so that these trees on receiving consecration would be at once ready for all holy uses."

On the Buckland yew, the describer makes these interesting observations:—"Portions of the original trunk and arms are partly encased, as it were, on the outside, by living wood of more recent growth, (as is frequently seen to be the case in other old and decayed trees;) the dead portions seeming to evince a disposition to slough out, (if I may use such an expression,) like fragments of carious bone separating from the flesh, but kept fixed in their position by the living wood, lapping over, as it does, and clasping them firmly. If this view of the subject be correct, it would seem almost impossible to set limits to the duration of the yew, as it ap-

pears that fresh wood continues to form externally long after the more central parts have completely decayed. * * * * I cannot but consider this yew as a most curious and interesting relic; and it is much to be regretted that they whose right and business it is to afford it protection, are not at the pains to secure it from wanton spoliation. Boys are permitted to mutilate its venerable limbs, and crop its sable branches, in sheer sport and mischief; and many considerable boughs, which must have trailed almost on the ground, and greatly heightened the picturesque effect, have lately, it seems, been lopped off, in the true spirit of modern Vandalism." The old yew at Windlesham was better protected, as appears from a record in the present church, stating that the mutilation of it, subjected the offender to a whipping at the cart's tail, or pillory and fine. Mrs. E. P. Reid states that the inhabitants of the Hattenberg mountains, in Switzerland, have a peculiar veneration for the yew, "because, formerly, their crossbows and pike-staves were made of its wood, which, at that time, was forbidden, under the severest penalties, to be cut for any other purpose."

The well-known excellent qualities of the yew render it generally available "in every branch of the arts in which firm and durable timber is required; and before the general use of fire arms, it was in high request for bows; so much of it was required for the latter purpose, that ships trading to Venice were obliged to bring ten bowstaves along with every butt of malmsey."* The wood is at present prized in cabinet-work, it being both hard and finely veined.

"The custom of clipping yews into fantastic shapes was much practised in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some of our churchyards still have their yew-trees thus cut into the pretended likenesses of birds and beasts, as at Bedfont, in Middlesex, there are two celebrated trees, whose branches are annually shaped into something like the form of a peacock, with a date showing when this piece of useless labour was first performed. We think it is 1708. The Romans, as we learn from Pliny's letters, cut their evergreens into the fantastic shapes of birds and beasts."† "It might be allowable to form them into vases, columns, or obelisks; but dragons, monstrous birds, bears, &c., should be for ever banished from our gardens."‡ Like the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, Lord Bacon disapproves of its being made to represent figures different from its own, and says that they are only fit for the tastes of children.

Though fire-arms were introduced in the

fourteenth century, yet bows of yew were used at the battles of Agincourt and Flodden.

Virgil, not only in his second Georgic, in the line quoted by Mr. Dewhurst, (p. 100,) but in other places, mentions the bow of yew. In the *Æneid*, he speaks of the "Parthian bow, or Cydon yew," and he states that it was from a bow of yew that Opita aimed the fatal arrow at Arruns, in retribution of his slaughter of her mistress Camilla.

The author of the *Vegetable Substances*, (vol. i.) considers that *Taxus*, the scientific name of the yew, is derived from a Greek word signifying swiftness, and thus bespeaking the velocity of an arrow shot from a yew-tree bow; but Professor Hooker says it is derived from the Greek word for an arrow, because arrows were poisoned with its juice. Virgil mentions that the arrow by which Arruns fell was poisoned, (b. xii.) Galen agrees with Pliny and Dioscorides in regarding the yew as poisonous; hence it was considered the best wood to burn when it was desired to disperse bees with smoke to obtain their honey—a practice mentioned by Ovid:

"What pleasure 'tis with smoke of yew to drive
The murr'ring swarm, and seize the loaded hive."

We have seen it asserted in a foregoing quotation, that the leaves in a withered state are noxious to cattle. In France, not only the leaves but the berries, are declared to have a dangerous narcotic property. I, like old Gerarde, have eaten my "fill of the berries of this tree" in this country, and, when a schoolboy have sat with others up in the branches eating them, without falling to sleep on the perch. About two years ago, I returned one day from Kensington Gardens, where I had feasted most plentifully on these berries; and having mentioned to a relative that I had done so, he, with a face expressive of shocking apprehensions, assured me that I had poisoned myself, and must have recourse to immediate medical assistance, which, however, I dispensed with, not much fancying an unnecessary resort to stomach pumps or emetics. I should state, however, that, in eating the berries, I only ate the soft and mucilaginous external envelope, and never but once tasted the inner part, which, if I remember correctly, was of a disagreeable, bitter flavour.

The mourning wreath at Dido's funeral pile consisted of

"Sad cypress, vervain, yew,
And ev'ry baleful green denoting death;"
and the sides of the pile raised on the occasion of Misenus's death, were stuck with "boughs of baleful yew." (*Æneid*, iv. 6.) Chaucer, too, enumerates the "ew" among the several trees that were felled to make the pile of Arcite. (Knight's Tale.)

Virgil appears to regard the yew as properly a native of a northern clime: Cæsar notices

* *Vegetable Substances*, vol. i. p. 72.

† *Ibid.* p. 78. The date at Bedfont is 1704, as we stated in correction, in the *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 310.

‡ *Hist. Lit. Botany*, vol. i. p. 71.

its greatly abounding in Gaul. Great quantities of the roots and trunks of yew-trees, together with other trees, are found imbedded in the earth at Hatfield Chase, in Yorkshire. Mr. Loudon includes the yew among the few trees that will grow in a healthy condition by the sea-side.

Lastly, the yew is stamped on the coins of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is said to be the badge of the Fraser family.

Southwark. 187 JAMES FENNELL.

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS REQUESTS.

(Extracted from the Report of the Commissioners on Charities.)

Alms-Cow.—In the parish of Waddesdon, Bucks, "there is a statement that the benefit of two cows was distributed yearly amongst twenty-two people of that parish, by the Duke of Marlborough."

The milk of one cow kept for that purpose by a tenant of the Duke, occupying Lodge Hill Farm, is now received daily by twenty-two parishioners, in rotation, one in the morning and another in the evening. The distribution of the milk of the second cow was discontinued in 1825, the tenant of the farm refusing at that time to keep two cows for the poor, as the allowance mentioned below had become insufficient to defray the expense. The cow is called "the alms-cow," and when she dies or grows barren, another is provided by the tenant. The poor made no complaint when the second cow was discontinued. Mr. Raine informed the Commissioners by letter that since he had been receiver of the Duke's estates, he had allowed 10*l.* for the keep of one cow, and his predecessors had done so before him.

Gang Monday Land.—There is about an acre of land in the parish of Edgcott, so called, in respect of which Robert Marcham, Esq. pays the overseers about 3*l.* yearly. This was formerly distributed in cakes and beer to the tenants: two cakes each, and as much beer as they chose to drink at the time, the residue being given to all poor persons who came for it, whether parishioners or not. Since the inclosure, about thirty years ago, this sum has been distributed at Christmas in coals. Before the inclosure, the poor had a right to get fuel on the common; since the inclosure, Mr. Marcham has paid about 3*l.* more in respect of this right, and it is distributed also yearly at Christmas in coals,—each person's share amounting to about four hundred pounds weight.

The Stephenage Money.—There was formerly a custom in the parish of Drayton Beauchamp, called "Stephenage." All the inhabitants of the parish used to go on St. Stephen's day to the rectory, and eat as much

bread and cheese, and drink as much ale, as they chose, at the expense of the rector. The usage occasioned so much rioting, that the late rector discontinued it, and distributed an annual sum of money instead, in proportion to the number of claimants; but they increased so considerably in 1827, that he withheld the annual payments. A similar custom existed in the parish of Great Harwood until about seventeen years ago: the rector gave each poor person a quartern loaf and two ounces of cheese—this was called "Stephenage."

Wheat.—Forty-nine bushels of wheat are yearly sent by Lady Bridgewater to the mill to be ground, and the flour to be made into four pound loaves, at her expense, and distributed to the poor of Edlesborough. This charity is said to have originated in a donor named Randall, about 1597.

Strewing.—At Wingrave, there is a piece of land left for the purpose of furnishing rushes for the parish church on the feast Sunday. It consists of about three roods, let at a guinea a-year, which is received by the parish clerk, who provides grass to strew the church on the village feast day, which is the first Sunday after St. Peter's day.

Dole of Herrings.—Richard Stokes, parson of Loughton, in 1546, left lands in that parish subjecting the holder thereof, annually for ever, to distribute to the dwellers and inhabitants of every house in Loughton, ten white herrings and ten red herrings. It appears that this gift has been discontinued; but the old people of the parish remember it, and James Walter, a man about sixty, recollects having carried herrings to the church for distribution.

Malthusian and Anti-Malthusian Charities.—John Bowsher of Chepstow, by will, in 1818, gave to ten poor bachelors of that parish, of sixty years of age and upwards, 2,000*l.*, or so much as would pay four shillings per week to each; in default of bachelors, then to poor men of Chepstow.

At Grindon Underwood, there is a yearly sum arising out of charitable donations for apprenticing illegitimate boys or girls. The premiums given are 12*l.* with girls, and 30*l.* with boys.

Bibles.—John Cory left forty shillings a-year to the senior alderman of Fybridge Ward, Norwich, to buy as many bibles as the same would extend to, and to give them to eleven poor children, one in each parish. The Commissioners observe that in May, 1833, there were three years rent charge due; and it was represented to them that although the receiver had taken pains to give this charity publicity, yet it was extraordinary that there should not be sufficient applications annually to exhaust so small a sum.

P. Q.

Antiquariana.

OLD SARUM CATHEDRAL.

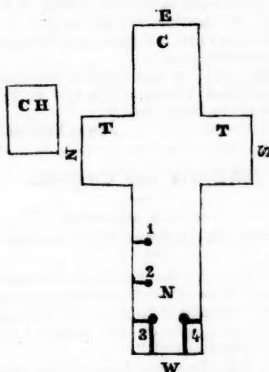
(To the Editor.)

In the 440th page of the tenth volume of the *Mirror*, is a concise and yet comprehensive description of the ancient and present state of a place which may, I believe, be truly said to have been the habitation of the rude and warlike Celt, the accomplished Roman, and of the generations who flourished in what are most generally denominated the darker ages. In that account, as well as in many others which I have perused, mention is only made, generally, of the Cathedral, which once stood within the walls of Old Sarum: not that this, indeed, is matter for surprise, inasmuch as 600 years have nearly elapsed since the erection of the beautiful edifice which stands in the valley beneath, constructed, as we are told by several authors, in a great degree, of the very materials which composed the parent church.* There is little doubt, moreover, that the demolition of the ancient building was so rapid, and the delight of the ecclesiastics probably so great, at the contemplation of the growing glories of their future temple, that neither any attempt at delineation by them, nor relics of the edifice itself, could possibly come down, to satisfy the cravings of the modern antiquary, who must, consequently, be satisfied with such data, in respect to its architecture, as analogy only can afford.

Early in the autumn of last year, whilst on a tour through parts of the South of England, I visited Old Sarum with the express purpose of ascertaining the correctness of a statement which had appeared in several of the newspapers;—that, owing to the extreme drought, that portion of the herbage which grew over the site of the walls of the Cathedral of Old Sarum, had withered away, and, consequently, afforded fair opportunity of ascertaining the positive spot which it formerly occupied. Standing on the inner mound, the fact so long desired lay manifest before me; and in the north-western quadrant of the outer circle, and not far from the remnant of the wall which anciently surrounded the town, were most distinctly to be perceived the tracks of a cruciform edifice, with those of a parallelogramic building, near the northern portion of its cross; thus proving the correctness of the Engraving in the number of this work, already alluded to. The accompanying diagram gives an exact representation of the ground plan of the Cathedral and Chapter-House, and its mensuration

* By a grant dated 16th of December, 1331, Edward III. gave to Robert Wyvill, the Bishop, and the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury, all the stone walls, &c. of the Cathedral and clerical residences at Old Sarum, to be employed in the improvement of the new church and close belonging thereto.

has been so carefully studied, that, without pledging myself for its positive accuracy to a foot, I am convinced of its general affinity to truth.



(Traces of the Cathedral of Old Sarum.)

- C. Chancel, East, 60 by 70 feet.
T.T. Transepts, North and South, 40 by 60 feet.
N. Nave, West, 60 by 140 feet.
1 and 2. Supposed Chantry or Chapel.
3 and 4. Supposed Towers.
C.H. Chapter-House, 40 by 60 feet.

The building had evidently been erected according to the then established practice, in the form of a cross; and the traces of the Chapter-House, near the northern transept, stamp with accuracy the Norman character of its architecture; for the parallelogramic form of that appendage to monastic buildings, gave way very early in the thirteenth century to erections of a polygonal shape, though some of the former are yet extant, with circular ends, probably minor imitations of the Roman Basilica. The draft before us presents no remarkable feature, being divided, as was usual, into nave, chancel, and transepts; if, indeed, we except the places marked Nos. 1 and 2, which may have been the *fundamenta* of some chantry or chapel, and also the portions marked 3 and 4, which, from their position and the superior breadth of their tracks, incline me to imagine that they were the foundation of two massive towers at the western end; though I searched in vain for similar data at the junctions of the cross to establish the fact of that tower and spire of which I remember to have heard some tradition.

Such then is, in all probability, the ground plan of a church which has long since passed, from among us: its extreme length from east to west was, according to my plan, about 270 feet; and that of the transepts, including the choir, 140 feet—small indeed, when appropriated to a cath-

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dral, but of sufficient amplitude when standing within the walls of a fortified city, whose greatest diameter was not more than 2,000 feet.

The general outlines of the history of the church are soon related; for its career was comparatively brief. After the junction of the sees of Sherbourn and Wilton, in 1045, by Herman de Lotharingia, the monks of Malmesbury being unwilling that he should remove his episcopal see to their Abbey, he transferred it from the former place to Old Sarum, then called, in Saxon, "the dry town," from its lofty situation above the well-watered valleys which surround it.

His successor, Osmund,* completed the Cathedral, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the Lady Chapel of which, old Leland, in his *Itinerarium*, professes to have seen. The church was partially destroyed by lightning five days after its consecration by Osmund, (10th April, 1092.) The author of an exceedingly entertaining and instructive work, lately published, *An Historical and Descriptive Account of Old and New Sarum*, has stated that "its roof was thrown down by a violent tempest;" in the same year, and he quotes Brompton and Knyghton as authorities; but, I submit that those authors derived their information solely from Robert of Gloucester, also quoted by him, and are calculated to mislead by giving a very general cause for that which was occasioned by a peculiar element; and, I am borne out in this supposition by the ancient explanatory note at the bottom of the page,† which also informs us, "In the ve yere, by strengthe of stroke of the thounder and lyghtyng, a roff of the toure of the church at Sarsbury was cast downe, and the wall much aseyred, the ve day that Bishop Osmund had halwed the churche;" from which passage we may infer that, in both cases, the whole has been taken for its part, and that, instead of the roof having been thrown down by a violent tempest, it was only the roof of the tower which sustained injury from the effects of lightning. After the death of Osmund, the Cathedral was successively under the charge of the Bishops Roger, Josceline, Hubert Walter, Herbert Pauper or Poore, and Robert Poore; the last of whom effected a removal which had long been desired by its clerical inmates; and in the year 1220, Old Sarum ceased to contain within its walls the Cathedral of a Bishop. The monkish writers have given many reasons for this translation; the chief

of which were, the disturbance of devotional duties consequent upon the proximity to their military neighbours of the castle, the great difficulty of obtaining water and other supplies, together with disputes respecting boundaries and jurisdiction; whilst, on the other hand, tradition informs us, that the greatest cause of annoyance to the monks were the gibes and jests of the soldiery, who delighted in waylaying and tormenting such of those sacred personages as staid late at the neighbouring nunnery of Wilton. The latter circumstance, with its attendant historical facts, have been thus quaintly versified by Dr. Pope, who was Chaplain to Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, in the time of Charles II.:

Oh! Salisbury people give ear to my song,

And also to my new ditty;

For it is in praise of your river Avon,

Of your Bishop, your Church, and your city.

And your Mayor and Aldermen all on a row,

Who govern that watered mead:

First listen awhile upon your tiptoe,

Then carry this home and read.

Old Sarum was built on a dry, barren hill,

A great many years ago;

'Twas a Roman town of strength and renown,

As its stately ruins show.

Therein was a castle for men of arms,

And a cloister for men of the gown;

There were friars, and monks, and liars, and punks,

Though not any whose names have come down.

The soldiers and churchmen did not long agree,

For the surly men with the hill on,

Made sport at the gate with the monks who came late,

From seeing the nuns of Wilton.

But whatever their causes of dissension may have been, the offended and the offenders have long since sunk to sleep, with the poet who ridiculed their distress; and the place of their proud abode has become desolate and lone. The car of the ancient Briton rolls not through the valley: the Roman centurion has left his watch and is at rest. No longer does the conquered Saxon cast a hateful glance at battlements where float the golden lions in their fiery field.‡ Knights, dames, and churchmen all have passed to oblivion with the places they once inhabited. The moon sinks down upon the plain, the storm sweeps over the mound; but none are there to delight in her beams, or heed the rigours of the blast. Lonely and drear is "the hill of storms;" the night-owl seeks not her nest where once stood the stately towers of Old Sarum. C. S.

‡ The arms of the Conqueror were gules, two lions passant gardant, or.

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New Books.

GEORGIAN ERA

[Has been completed by the publication of the third and fourth volumes, to which we are willing to extend our good opinion expressed at the commencement of the work. It is compiled throughout with considerable

* It was this Bishop who introduced the Sarum Missal, commonly called "Secundum usum Sarum," which met with such opposition that many monks, rather than adopt it, rose against their abbots, though without success; for, the Missal became universal, both in England and Scotland, and remained as the fixed standard of worship until the Reformation.

† Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, p. 416, edit. 1810.

care and tact, and the memoirs have a strict biographical character—that is, each relates the life of one person, and not a medley of anecdotes of his contemporaries—a practice which is the besetting sin of small biographers. In turning over some 450 pages of the third volume, we have been attracted by the following passages, replete with characteristic trait and anecdote, old and new, but always neatly told.]

Jonas Hanway.

In 1762, Mr. Hanway published *Eight Letters to the Duke of —*, supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle; in which he ridicules the practice of giving vails, or visiting-fees, to servants; a custom which, at that time, had arrived at a very extravagant pitch. He was recommended to take up the subject by Sir Thomas Waldo, who, at the same time, communicated to Mr. Hanway an anecdote illustrative of the excess to which the practice was carried. On leaving the house of the duke alluded to, Sir Thomas, after having feed a train of other servants, put a crown into the hands of the cook, who returned it, saying, "Sir, I do not take silver." "Don't you, indeed?" said the baronet, putting it in his pocket; "then I do not give gold." Mr. Hanway also himself relates a somewhat similar circumstance:—he was paying the servants of a friend for a dinner, which their master had invited him to, one by one, as they appeared:—"Sir, your great coat." "A shilling."—"Your hat." "A shilling."—"Stick." "A shilling."—"Umbrella." "A shilling."—"Sir, your gloves."—"Why, friend, you may keep the gloves; they are not worth a shilling."

"In person," says Mr. Pugh, "Mr. Hanway was of the middle size: of a thin, spare habit, but well shaped; his limbs were fashioned with the nicest symmetry. In the latter years of his life he stooped very much, and when he walked, found it conduce to his ease to let his head incline towards one side; but when he first went to Russia, his face was full and comely, and his person altogether such as obtained for him the appellation of the Handsome Englishman." He was never married, having been captivated, whilst at Lisbon, by the charms of a lady, whom, to put a second-hand idea of Mr. Moore's into prose, he thought it far more sweet to live in the remembrance of, than to dwell with others. Mr. Pugh relates many peculiarities in Mr. Hanway's character; he was fond of a joke himself, and of the convivialities of others, to a certain extent; but "if the mirth degenerated into a boisterous laughter, he took his leave, saying afterwards, 'My companions were too merry to be happy, or to let me be happy, so I left them.'" He adhered to truth with an almost ascetic strictness, and no brilliancy of thought could in-

duce him to vary from the fact. Though frank and open in his dealings with all, he was not easily deceived by others, and seldom placed a confidence that was betrayed. He did not, however, think the world so degenerate as is commonly imagined; "And if I did," he used to say, "I would not let it appear: for nothing can tend so effectually to make a man wicked, or to keep him so, as a marked suspicion." He never took any of his servants from the recommendation of his friends; but commonly advertised for them, appointing their applications to be left at some tavern. One that he was about to hire having expressed some surprise at his being desired to attend family prayers every evening, Mr. Hanway asked him if he had any objection to say his prayers. "No, sir," replied the man, "I've no objection; but I hope you'll consider it in my wages." At another time, having given a little chimney-sweeper a shilling, and promised to buy him a fine tie-wig to wear on May-day, "Ah, bless your honour!" replied the sweep; "my master won't let me go out on May-day." "No! why not?" "He says it's low life." Mr. Hanway possessed some eccentricity of dress as well as of manner, and is said to have been the first who appeared in the streets of the metropolis with an umbrella.

Thomas Hollis.

A more charitable and eccentric character has seldom existed than Mr. Hollis; all the public journals of the day accompanied the mention of his decease with laudatory remarks, rarely applied to the memory of a private individual. His diary, in addition to its interest for the singularity of its records, contains an account of books and persons, both ancient and modern, from which a biographical and bibliographical work might almost be compiled. His independence was equal to his munificence; "though," said he, in answer to an application to become a candidate for a borough, "I would almost give my right hand to be chosen into parliament, yet I would not give a single crown for it by way of bribe; no! let me pass the remainder of my life only in innocence and in decorum, if it be possible, and in quietness and retirement." His collection of medals, besides those he himself designed and struck, was immense; and their beneficial tendency, and the judgment with which they were chosen, were as remarkable as their quantity, which he found, on calculation, sufficient to make forty-four octavo volumes. The value he set on them, particularly those bearing the likenesses of the heads of antiquity, is forcibly shown by the following observation, on his refusing a present of one, by way of remuneration:—"Petty favours and obligations," said he, "I accept—great ones *never*; and I would sooner myself have stricken flat

the sacred effigies of Brutus, than have acquired it by donation, or in any degree by finesse and bounty."

Towards the latter part of his life, his aversion to popery continued to increase; and his fears of the catholics were expressed and shown in such a manner, as to subject him to the charge of mental imbecility. He went so far as to fancy that the pope had despatched emissaries from Rome, to watch for an opportunity of taking his life; and that his bookbinder, who was of the Romish persuasion, intended to set fire to his house, for the purpose of burning his books in favour of protestantism. But, however sincere he might have been in these apprehensions, it is doubtful whether many of his eccentricities were not affected; and this supposition is justified by a passage in one of his letters to a friend, about three years previously to his death:—"That of which I am most chary is my time; and people are cautious enough in general not to break in upon, and consume it. The idea of singularity, by way of shield, I try, by all means, to hold out." He kept, till the day of his death, a resolution he had made, to avoid all public distinctive characters; accordingly, though member of several literary and scientific societies, he refused all solicitation to become chairman or president of one of them.

Dr. Hutton.

Few men, whose success in life has been dependent upon their talents and industry, have been more fortunate than Dr. Hutton. At one period, he possessed 60,000*l.* His works brought him in large sums; and it may be observed that the sale of them was much facilitated by his possessing the editorship of the *Ladies' Diary*: it being a practice with a class of contributors to that publication, to make references, upon every possible occasion, to the doctor's treatises: an affront to his modesty which he was at all times disposed to forgive. He made, latterly, some injudicious investments in bridge companies, which caused a considerable reduction in the amount of his former property. Considering the affluent circumstances to which he attained, he certainly did not make that liberal distribution of his money which might have been expected; but the following anecdote, related by his biographer, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, sufficiently proves the generosity of his heart, if not of his hand:—"On paying him one of my periodical visits, about five years ago, I found him reading a letter, the tears trickling down his cheeks. "Read this," said he, putting the letter into my hand. It was from the wife of a country school-master, describing how, by a series of misfortunes, he had been reduced to penury, and had just been hurried off to gaol, whilst the sheriff's officers had seized his furniture, leaving her

and her children without a shilling. "Can you rely upon this statement?" I asked. "Yes," said he; "I have information from another quarter, which confirms its truth." "Then, what do you mean to do?" "I mean," replied the doctor, smiling, "to demand a guinea from you, and the same sum from every friend who calls upon me to-day; then to make up the sum twenty guineas, and send it off by this night's post."

Sir Humphry Davy.

In youth, his temper was mild and his disposition amiable; but as he advanced in years and reputation, he became occasionally captious and irascible. When a boy, his countenance was unfavourable, his voice unpleasant, and his figure awkward; as he became conscious of these imperfections, he became also soured that Nature had not been more bountiful in the exterior embellishments of his person. From the first moment of his success as a lecturer at the Royal Institution, he seemed ashamed of the simplicity of his character; because his audience consisted of noble personages, he felt abashed that he had not been born a duke. By some, he was accused of affectation in his public addresses; but it is not unlikely that much of this arose from a desire to disguise the discordancy of his voice. He could, unfortunately, derive but little assistance from his ear, which was most unmusical; he could never, in fact, catch the simple air of God Save the King. Whilst member of a volunteer corps, he could never keep step; and though he took private lessons of a sergeant, he still trod upon the heels of the fore-rank man. He was, it would appear, as little attached to painting as to music; for when taken to the Louvre, he passed hastily along the gallery without directing his attention to a single painting, simply observing to his companion, "What an extraordinary collection of fine frames!" The same apathy was shown in the lower apartments, and not even the Apollo, the Laocoon, nor the Venus de Medicis, could extort an approving smile from him; but, upon observing a figure treated in the Egyptian style, and sculptured in alabaster, he enthusiastically exclaimed, "Gracious powers! what a beautiful stalactite!" He was, indeed, enthusiastic in everything that appertained to his own professional pursuits, or that fell in with his own habits or amusements: he gloried in Nelson, and would dwell upon his name with rapture; not because he won the battle of the Nile, but that, after he had lost his right arm, he used to fish with the left,—a sport of which Davy was passionately fond.

Notwithstanding his respect for rank and fashion, as he increased in fame, it does not appear that he much altered either in the simplicity of his manners or dress. Volta, to whom he was introduced at Pavia, had at-

tired himself in full dress to receive him, but is said to have started back with astonishment on seeing the English philosopher make his appearance in a dress of which an English artisan would have been ashamed. The following anecdote is told of him:—Whilst staying for the night, at a small inn, in North Wales, with his friend, Mr. Purkis, a third traveller entered into conversation with both, and, as it happened, talked very learnedly about oxygen and hydrogen, and other matters relative to chemical science. When Davy, who had listened with great composure to all that had been said, retired to rest, Mr. Purkis asked the stranger what he thought of his friend who had just left him. "He appears," coolly replied the other, "rather a clever young man, with some general scientific knowledge:—pray what is his name?" "Humphry Davy, of the Royal Institution," as coolly answered the other. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the stranger; "was that really Davy?—how have I exposed my ignorance and presumption!"

The Kaleidoscope.

Sir David Brewster is principally celebrated as the inventor of the kaleidoscope, an instrument constructed for the purpose of creating and exhibiting an infinite variety of beautiful and perfectly symmetrical forms. The idea of the discovery first occurred to him in the year 1814, when he was engaged in experiments on the polarization of light, by successive reflections between plates of glass; an account of which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, for 1815, and rewarded, by the Royal Society of London, with the Copley medal. The reflectors were, in some cases, inclined to each other; and he had occasion to remark the circular arrangement of the images of a candle round a centre, or the multiplication of the sectors, formed by the extremities of the glass plates. In repeating, at a subsequent period, the experiments of M. Biot, on the action of fluids upon light, Dr. Brewster placed the fluids in a trough, formed by two plates of glass, cemented together at an angle; and, the eye being necessarily placed at one end, some of the cement, which had been pressed through between the plates, appeared to be arranged into a regular figure. The remarkable symmetry which it presented, led to Dr. Brewster's investigation of the cause of this phenomenon; and, in so doing, he discovered the leading principles of the kaleidoscope.

Having thus brought the kaleidoscope to a state of perfection, he, by the advice of his friends, took out a patent for it; in the specification of which, he describes the kaleidoscope in two different forms. The instrument, however, having been shown to several opticians in London, became known before he could avail himself of the patent, and,

being simple in principle, was at once largely manufactured. To countenance these piratical proceedings, it was asserted that Dr. Brewster had been anticipated in his invention, by Professor Wood, and Bradley, the astronomer; but it has been sufficiently shown, and has been certified by Professor Wood himself, Professor Playfair, and Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, that, of the kaleidoscope as at present made and used, Dr. Brewster is the original discoverer. "As to the effect," says Mr. Playfair, "the thing produced, by the kaleidoscope, is a series of figures, presented with the most perfect symmetry, so as always to compose a whole, in which nothing is wanting, and nothing redundant. It matters not what the object be, to which the instrument is directed, if it only be in its proper place, the effect just described is sure to take place, and with an endless variety. In these respects, the kaleidoscope appears to begin to be singular among optical instruments. Neither the instruments of Bradley, nor the experiment, or theorem in Wood's book, have any resemblance to this; they go no further than the multiplication of the figure." "Dr. Brewster's invention," he adds, "is quite singular among optical instruments; and it will be matter of sincere regret, if any imaginary or vague analogy, between it and other optical instruments, should be the means of depriving the doctor of any part of the reward to which his skill, ingenuity, and perseverance, entitle him so well."

It should be stated, however, in connexion with the history of the kaleidoscope, that Kircher and B. Porta have suggested a polygonal speculum; but, undoubtedly, the practical application of the principle to reflectors, inclined towards each other at small angles, was wholly a suggestion of Dr. Brewster's. The production of the kaleidoscope excited a singular sensation; and it is calculated that not less than two hundred thousand were sold in three months, in London and Paris together; though, out of this number, Dr. Brewster says, that not, perhaps, one thousand were constructed upon scientific principles, or capable of giving anything like a correct idea of the power of the kaleidoscope.

THE EXILE OF ERIN; OR THE SORROWS OF A BASHFUL MAN.

[Two volumes of random sketches, under this somewhat commonplace title, will be found to contain a few hours pleasant reading. Their glimpses of life and manners are clever and humorous, their outlines of character are slyly drawn, and, altogether, the work is fraught with entertainment. It has, moreover, the acceptable quality of not being tedious, but split into chapters of a few pages each. We quote a specimen.]

The Modern Babylon.

Behold me now in London—in that Titanic metropolis which is the envy and wonder of Europe; the heavings of whose mighty heart thrill to the uttermost regions of earth; whose merchant-flag is familiar with every wave, and streams in every port; who is the prolific foster-parent of all arts, all professions, and all trades, encouraging alike the adept and the quack, the honest man and the knave, and combining exhaustless wealth with abject penury, the most refined civilization with the grossest barbarism;—behold me in this paradox of a metropolis, placed in the very thick of its crowd, yet oppressed with feelings of the most forlorn solitude. Oh! there is no sense of desolation so complete as that experienced by a friendless stranger, on his first introduction to London. Talk of an Arabian desert! It is smiling—animated—encouraging—in comparison.

To meet a frown on every brow, a sneer on every lip; to be distrusted as an adventurer, and, with the purest intentions, to be perpetually misconstrued; to supplicate, where there are few or none to pity; to die of a broken heart in the midst of rejoicing; of famine, in the midst of plenty; and then, as if the cup of wretchedness were not drained to the dregs, to be carried cut of a workhouse on four rough boards; flung like a dog into his hole, with just a prayer or two mumbled coldly and hurriedly above one's remains, as if they were scarce worth salvation;—this it is to be poor and friendless in London!

To be the idol of every circle; to drivel like a fool, yet to be pronounced a sage; to be a gentleman, when it is manifest that you are his antipodes; to see woman's eye light up at your approach, and the fat porter at the great man's gate, bustle forward at the hazard of his neck to usher you into the great man's presence; to be the "Sir Oracle" of ton, and the hero of a fashionable novel; to be painted by Lawrence, and engraved by Finden; and when put to death by a licensed physician, to be followed to your long home by some dozen agonized acquaintances, while the parson prays his best above your guilt coffin, and a splendid mausoleum records your worth to all posterity;—this it is to be wealthy and well connected in London!

Oh London, thou art the rich man's Heaven, but the poor man's Hell!

Oh London, who art the cradle and the grave of Hope, how many aspiring pilgrims, some destined to achieve celebrity, but more to die neglected and broken-hearted, are at this moment, while I write, bending their steps towards thee! What acts too of folly, madness, and guilt, are at the same instant of time in course of perpetration within thy circuit! Yet if sin profane thy name, the virtues, sure, redeem it by their presence.

Oh London, who can listen to thy eternal

whirl and roar—who can gaze on thy palaces thy temples, thy solemn, gray cathedrals, or pause on the stately fabrics that span thy famous stream, scarce seen for the forest of masts which crowd and blacken above its bosom to an extent no eye can traverse—who can pace the wondrous range of thy streets and squares, stretching away, as if to infinity, in showy splendour or sombre grandeur;—who can "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" all this, and not feel every petty, personal consciousness of Self swallowed up in an overpowering sense of astonishment and admiration?

Yet, oh vain—ambitious—paradoxical London, lay not the flattering unction to thy soul, that because thou art great, thou art necessarily immortal. Already the seeds of decay are at thy heart. Thou art dying by inches of a plethora. Thou art swollen and bloated with a dropsy, though thy massive shoulders and wondrous breadth of chest might seem to promise a lengthened life. Dream not then of immortality, but fall to thy studies, and learn wisdom from the past. Think of Rome, *now* the "Niobe of nations," but *once* queen-regent of the universe! What she is, thou must one day be. The time shall come when thy gorgeous edifices shall fall, like hers, in ruins to earth; when the grass shall grow in thy streets; when the owl shall hoot from thy roofless palaces, and the adder crawl into sunshine from among thy mouldering fanes; when Silence and Solitude (twin mourners) shall sit with folded arms and weeping eyes beside thy grave; and the pilgrim from some far-off land, as he wanders through a scene of desolation, shall say—"And was this London?"

The Public Journals.

LE PÈRE GORIOT.

(Concluded from page 144.)

WE must now return to Eugene de Rastignac. Being of noble parentage, (a circumstance considered at that period,) he was admitted into the highest society of Paris. His cousin, the Marchioness de Beauseant, had taken him under her protection, and introduced him advantageously into the *beau monde*. One evening, at a brilliant *soirée* at her hotel, he had met the beautiful Countess Anastasia de Bostad, and his imagination had been perfectly captivated and subdued by her beauty and wit. Having returned home to his little miserable chamber, in vain did he attempt to devote the night to study. Feeling himself incapable of anything but a reverie of sweet emotions, he was resigning himself complacently to the delicious influence, when a sigh or a groan, it might be called either, struck his ear. It came from the next room, where the Père Goriot lodged. A stream of light under his door showed

that he was yet up. The student advanced towards the door, and through a yawning crevice saw the old man engaged in a singular occupation. His table was turned upside down on the floor, and on the wooden bar which united the two legs, the old man was, with the help of a thick rope, nearly as thick as a cable, crushing a beautiful, massive piece of plate into a bar, as it seemed, to have it converted into ingots.—“The first gift of my poor wife,” murmured he, when he had accomplished his task. “I would rather dig the earth the rest of my days than part with it; but it must be done: the bill must be taken up to-morrow.” Then regarding his work with unutterable sadness, and with tears in his eyes, he blew out his candle, and the student heard him get heavily into bed. In a few moments more he heard a loud aspiration, followed by these words, “My poor child, my poor dear child!” and the student heard no more.

The next morning, Eugene de Rastignac hastened to pay his devoirs to the beautiful Countess Anastasia. Arrived at her hotel, on passing through the antechamber to the saloon, he heard the sound of the Countess’s voice, that of the Père Goriot and a kiss. Immediately afterwards, the Père Goriot passed him.

“I am delighted to have seen my old acquaintance here,” said Eugene to the Countess, as he entered the saloon, followed by her husband Monsieur de Rastand.

“How!” exclaimed the Countess, quickly. “Why, I have just met my fellow-lodger, le Père Goriot, passing through your antechamber.”

At the sound of the disrespectful monosyllable *père*, the Count, who was making up the fire, threw the tongues from him as if he had been burnt, and replied, “You might, sir, have said Monsieur Goriot.”

The Countess blushed deeply, but seeing the displeasure of her husband, only added, in a low, embarrassed tone of voice, “It is impossible to know any one who is dearer to us.”

The poor student now perceived that he had committed some great blunder. The conversation became cold and constrained, and so unpleasant and awkward did he feel his position, that he was glad to cut his visit short. The Count attended him to the door with a profusion of bows; but before he was perfectly out of hearing, turned and said to the porter, “If that gentleman should ever present himself here again, neither the Countess nor I can be at home to him.”

Eugene, curious to have the mystery which seemed to connect such a poor, contemptible old man as the Père Goriot with the brilliant Countess Anastasia explained, hastened to his cousin, the Marchioness de Beauseant, in the hope that she might be able to read

him this riddle. He found her at home, and at once entered on the subject.

“I have,” said he, “in some way greatly offended the Rastands, by mentioning the name of a Monsieur Goriot, whom we call familiarly Père Goriot.”—“Why, what a child you must be,” cried the Marchioness; “do you not know that the Countess was a Miss Goriot?”—“What! Père Goriot the father of the Countess!” exclaimed the student, in an accent of surprise and horror.

“Yes, yes, her father,” rejoined the Marchioness, “and a very good father too. The good man has two daughters, on whom he dotes. He gave to each of them a marriage portion of 600,000 francs, married the eldest, Delphine, to a rich German banker, the Baron de Nucingen, and the youngest, Anastasia, to the Count de Rastand, and they have both rewarded him by almost denying him. Of his large fortune he reserved to himself only a revenue of from eight to ten thousand francs, and I am told that even this has been diminished by farther sacrifices he has made to pay some debts of Delphine’s, which she wished to keep concealed from her husband. The good man thought, by giving up all to establish his daughters so magnificently, he should secure to his old age two homes in which he would be adored; but in less than two years he was banished from the houses of his sons-in-law.”

Eugene thought of the scene he had witnessed in the old man’s room the night before, and the tears came into his eyes. The marchioness, seeing him interested, continued. “I recollect,” said she, “perfectly well the history of this Goriot. He was president of his section during the Revolution. He was wise enough to anticipate the great scarcity, or famine it might be called, and commenced his fortune at that time, by selling corn at ten times the price which it cost him. The Committee of Public Safety divided with him, no doubt, his gains. He began life as a simple apprentice to a grocer. Being active, diligent, and enterprising, he bought in a short time his master’s business, and laid the foundation of his wealth by selling *pâtes d’Italie*, which were to be found at the grocer’s, and were selling at a high price and in all quietness, whilst the people were committing murder for bread at the doors of all the baker’s shops. Having so acquired a capital, he was able to speculate largely; and nothing, it is said, could surpass his intelligence in his particular branch of commerce. He exported, imported, from Sicily and the Ukraine; had large magazines, and distributed from them through all the provinces of France. All the details of his extensive business were superintended with a precision and intelligence which might lead one to believe the man capable of higher things. Every emergency was foreseen and

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provided for. Activity, enterprise, caution, boldness, and success, marked all his commercial speculations, and in the corn-market he was the undisputed monarch to whom all bowed. But taken out of his specialty, he became the most ordinary of ordinary men, absolutely stupid, incapable of understanding an argument, or of enjoying any of the pleasures of the intellect. The traffic of corn absorbed all his intelligence, and all his affections were equally absorbed by his wife and his daughters. There are men capable only of a single sentiment, but that is sublime from its profound singleness and purity. Such is Goriot. He loved his wife with a love passing what romance can imagine; the love of a powerful, pure, untaught mind, which has but one only object. His wife died, and he became a real widower. His affections centred themselves in his daughters. He idolized them. He gave them the education of princesses, with a fortune equivalent; and nature had given them great personal beauty. He married them, as I have told you, not from ambitious views, but because they loved their husbands, and their husbands loved them. This is the only motive the simple good man could understand. The poor man thought then that he should pass the remainder of his days in their society, in the only happiness that his heart was capable of conceiving; that of beholding their felicity. And so it happened for a short time. Under the empire his sons-in-law could tolerate him. But when the Bourbons were restored, he became an eyesore to the banker, and still more so to Rastand. His daughters still loved him, and do so perhaps yet; nevertheless, they were a little ashamed of his plebeian manners, and got into the habit of only asking him to their houses when they had no one with them. Their father saw this, and, perhaps, half voluntarily, half in consequence of the hints he received, banished himself from their presence. They saw each other, however, sometimes, but their almost clandestine visits are becoming less and less frequent. The daughters are immersed in pleasure and luxury, whilst the father is pining, *alone* and almost forgotten, in an obscure, vile corner, with only one sentiment—one nerve in his heart—*love of them, which will kill him.*" Eugene de Rastignac walked home profoundly touched by the melancholy tale he had heard. His fellow lodgers observing his serious air, rallied him with the supposition that he had met with frowns from his mistress. "Not so," replied he, "but I have shut against myself the doors of the Countess de Rastand, by telling her that her father dines at our table." The Père Goriot cast down his eyes, and turned aside to wipe them. "You have thrown some snuff into my eye," said he to his neighbour.

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD A LION.

[The last *Noctes of Blackwood* contain a very amusing satire upon what the Shepherd calls "the mettasekozies, or transmigration o' sowles," in which the Shepherd imagines his mother a lioness, and himself her cub. He relates an event that, in a day, elevated him into Lionhood, and crowned him with the imperial diadem of the Desert. Next occurs the following inquiry respecting the Shepherd's Leonine species, his terrific encounter with an unicorn, and his awful death at Timbuctoo. The whole is a fine, florid piece of work.]

North.—In that excellent work the Naturalists' Library, edited by my learned friend, Sir William Jardine, it is observed, if I recollect rightly, that Temminck, in his Monograph, places the African Lion in two varieties, that of Barbary and that of Senegal, without referring to those of the southern parts of the continent. In the southern parts, there are two kinds analogous, it would seem, to the northern varieties—the yellow and the brown, or, according to the Dutch colonists, the blue and the black. Of the Barbary Lion, the hair is of a deep, yellowish brown, the mane and hair upon the breast and insides of the fore-legs being ample, thick, and shaggy; of the Senegal Lion, the colour of the body is of a much paler tint, the mane is much less, does not extend so far upon the shoulders, and is almost entirely wanting upon the breast and insides of the legs. Mr. Burchel encountered a third variety of the African Lion, whose mane is nearly black, and him the Hottentots declare to be the most fierce and daring of all. Now, my dear James, pardon me for asking whether you were the Senegal or Barbary Lion, or one of the southern varieties analogous to them, or the third variety, with the mane nearly black, that encountered Mr. Burchel?

Tickler.—He must have been a fourth variety, and probably the sole specimen thereof; for all naturalists agree that the young males have neither mane nor tail-tuft, and exhibit no incipient symptoms of such appendages till about their third year.

Shepherd.—Throughout the hale series o' my transmigration o' sowle I hae aye been equally in growth and genius extraordinary precocious, Timothy; and besides, I dinna clearly see hoo either Buffoon, or Civvlar, or Tinnock, or Sir William Jardinn, or Jeems Wulson, or even Wommel himself, familiar as they may be wi' Lions in plates or cages, should ken better about their manes and the tufts o' their tails, than me wha was ance a Lion in *propria persona*, and hae thochts o' writing my ain Leonine Owtobiography wi' Cuts. But as for my colour, I was neither a blue, nor a black, nor a white, nor a red Lion—though you, Tickler, may hae seen sic like on the signs o' inns—but I was the TERRIBLE TAWNEY O' TIMBUCTOO!

Tickler.—What! did you live in the capital?

Shepherd.—Na—in my kintra seat a' the year roun'. But there was mair than a sugh o' me in the metropolis—mony a story was tould o' me by Moor and Mandingo—and by whisper o' my name they stilled their cryin' weans, and frichtened them to sleep. What kent I, when a lion, o' geography? Nae map o' Africa had I ever seen but what I scrawled wi' my ain claws on the desert-dust. As for the Niger, I cared na whether it flawed to meet the risin' or the settin' sun—but when the sun entered Leo, I used instinctively to soom in its waters, and I remember, as if it had been yesterday, loupin' in amang a bevy o' black girties bathin' in a shallow, and breakfastin' on aye o' them, wha ate as tender as a pullet, and was as plump as a patrick. It was lang afore the time o' Mungo Park; but had I met Mungo I would not hae hurt a hair o' his head, for my prophetic sowl would hae been conscious o' the Forest, and, however hungry, never would I hae harmed him wha had had leaved on the Tweed.

North.—Beautiful. Pray, James, is it true that your lion prefers human flesh to any other—nay, after once tasting it, that he uniformly becomes an anthropophagus?

Shepherd.—He may or he may not uniformly become an anthropophagus; for I kenna what an anthropophagus is; but as to preferring human flesh to any ither, that depends on the particular kind o' human flesh. I presume, when I was a lion, that I had the ordinar' appetencies o' a lion—that is, that I was rather abune than below average or par—and at a' events that there was naething about me unleonine. Noo I cou'd never bring my stammack, without difficulty, to eat an old woman—as for an old man, that was out o' the question, even in starvation. On the whole I preferred, in the long run, antelope. Instinctively I ken't better, and diversified my dinners wi' zebras and quaggas, and such small deer, sae that I was always in high condition, my skin was aye sleek, my mane meteorous, and as for my tail, wherever I went, the tuft bore aff the bell.

North.—Leo—are you, or are you not, a cowardly animal?

Shepherd.—After I had reached the age o' puberty, my courage never happened to be put to any verra severe trial, for I was aye faithful to my mate, and she to me; and jealousy never disturbed our den.

Tickler.—Any cubs?

Shepherd.—But I cou'na hae wanted courage, since I never felt fear. I aye took the sun o' the teegger; and, though the rhinoceros is an ugly customer, he used to gie me the wa'; at sicht o' me the elephant became his ain trumpeter, and sounded a retreat in amang the trees. Ance, and ance only, I had a desperate fecht wi' a unicorn.

North.—So he is not fabulous?

Shepherd.—No him, indeed—he's aye o' the realest o' a' beasts.

Tickler.—What may be the length of his horn, James?

Shepherd.—O' a dagger.

Tickler.—Shape?

Shepherd.—No speerally wreathed like a ram's horn—but strecht, smooth, and polished, o' the yellow ivory—sharper than a sword.

Tickler.—Hoofs?

Shepherd.—His hoofs are no cloven, and he's no unlike a horse. But in place of nicherin' like a horse, he roars like a bull; and then he leeves on flesh.

Tickler.—I thought he had been omnivorous.

Shepherd.—Nae cretur's omnivorous but man.

North.—Rare?

Shepherd.—He maun be verra rare, for I never saw anither but him I focht. The battle was in a wood. We're natural enemies, and set to wark the moment we met, without any quarrel. Wi' the first pat o' my paw I scored him frae shoulther to flank, till the bluid spouted in jettes. As he ran at me wi' his horn, I jookit ahiint a tree, and he transfixed it in the pith, sheathen't to the verra hilt. There was nae use in flingin' up his heels, for wi' the side spang I was on his back, and fastenin' my hind claws in his flank, and my fore claws in his shoulthers, I began at my leisure devooring him in the neck. She sune joined me, and ate a hole into his inside till she got at the kidneys: but judgin' by him, nae animal's mair tenacious o' life than the unicorn; for when we left him, the remains were groanin'. Niest mornin' we went to breakfast on him, but thae gluttonous creatures, the vulturs, had been afore us, and he was but banes.

North.—Are you not embellishing, James?

Shepherd.—Sic a fack needs nae embellishment. But I confess, sirs, I was, on the first hearing o't, incredulous o' Major Laing's hain' found the skeleton stickin' to the tree!

North.—Why incredulous?

Shepherd.—For wha' can tell at what era I was a lion? But it proves that the banes o' a unicorn are durable as airn.

North.—And Ebony an immortal wood.

Tickler.—Did you finish your career in a trap?

Shepherd.—Na. I died in open day in the centre o' the great square o' Timbuctoo.

Tickler.—Ha! ha! baited?

Shepherd.—Na. I was lyin' ae day by mysell—for she had disappeared to whalp amang the shrubs—waitin' for some wanderin' waif comin' to the well; for thirst is stranger than fear in them that dwell in the desert, and they will seek for water even in the lion's lair, when I saw the head o' an

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unknown animal high up among the trees, browsin' on the sprays—and then its lang neck—and then its shouters—and then its forelegs—and then its body droopin' doon into a tail like a buffalo's—an animal unlike any ither I had ever seen afore; for, though spotted like a leopard, it was in shape liker a unicorn; but then its een were black and saft, like the een o' an antelope, and as it licket the leaves, I kent that tongue had never lapped bluid. I stretched mysell up wi' my usual roar, and in less time than it takes to tell't was on the back o' the Giraffe.

Ambo.—Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Shepherd.—I happened no to be verri hungry, and my fangs, without munchin', pierced but an inch or twa deep. Brayin', across the sand-hills, at a lang trot, flew the cameleopard—nor for hours slackened she her pace—till she plunged into the Black river—

Tickler.—The Niger—

Shepherd.—Swam across, and bore me through many groves into a wide plain, all unlike the wilderness round the Oasis we had left at morn.

North.—What to that was Mazeppa's ride on the desert-born!

Shepherd.—The het bluid grew sweeter and sweeter as I drank, and I saw naething but her neck, till a' at once staggerin' she fell doon—and what a sight! Rocks, as I thocht them—but they were houses—encirclin' me a' round—thousands o' blackamoors, wi' shirts and spears and swurds and fires, and drums, hemmin' the Lion—and arrows—like the flyin' dragons I had seen in the desert—but no, like them, harmless—stingin' me through the sides intil the entrails, that when I bat them brak! You asked me if I was a cooard? Was't like a cooard to drive, in that condition, the hale city like sheep? But a' at ance, without my ain wull, my spangin' was changed into sprawlin' wi' my fore feet. I still made them spin; but my hind legs were useless—my buck was broken—and what I was lappin' sirs, was a pool o' my ain bluid—first fire grew my een, and then mist,—and the last thing I remember was a shout and a roar. And thus, in the centre o' the great square o' Timbuctoo, the Lion died!

North.—And the hide of him, who is now the Ettrick Shepherd, has for generations been an heirloom in the palace of the Emperor of all the Saharas!

Shepherd.—Nae less strange than true.

The Gatherer.

Mystification.—A freeholder claims to vote for the election of members for the county of Middlesex, and thus describes his qualification:—"Four eighth parts of two

half parts, three eighths of a moiety of two thirds of a fourth, and three eighths of a moiety of two fourth parts of a freehold house in Carnaby-street."—*Vide* List of Freeholders in the parish of St. James's, Westminster.

P. Q.

A zealous naturalist having heard of the Lord Chancellor's Great Seal, applied to his lordship for permission to publish a description and figure of the animal.

J. F.

A snuff-box is a letter of introduction; it has been the fountain of many friendships. When you cannot ask a stranger his opinion of the new opera, or the new ministry, you can offer him your box with a graceful as well as profitable politeness. Even when the weather and other popular topics are exhausted, a pinch is always eloquent, always conversational, always convenient.

Odd Dispute.—Lord Orford relates a dispute once arose, in the way of railery, between Earl Temple and the first Lord Littleton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Littleton contended that the name *Grenville* was originally *Greenfield*; Lord Temple insisted that it was derived from *Grand-ville*. "Well, then," said Lord Littleton, "if you will have it so, my family may boast of the highest antiquity, for *little towns* were certainly antecedent to *great cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point, for *green fields* were certainly more ancient than either."

W. G. C.

Pennant, in his account of Raby Castle, says, "I dined here, the old Duke of Cleveland with us, a cheerful old man, and in conversation *very far from an idiot*."

Jane of Castile, in 1461, nearly lost her life by her hair taking fire from a sunbeam drawn into a focus by a pane of window glass.

Cats.—An officer in the Bengal army had such an horror of cats, that while on a visit of ceremony to some young ladies who had just arrived at his station, one of these domestic animals having walked into the room, frightened him to such a degree that he leaped upon the table with his drawn sabre. On all other occasions this gentleman was as brave as a lion.

Villans, who held their land in pure villanage, (says Blackstone,) belonged principally to lords of manors, and were either villans regardant, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were in gross, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held, indeed, small portions of land by way of sustaining themselves and

families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased, and it was upon villan services, that is to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lord's demesnes, and any of the meanest offices; and their services were not only base, but uncertain, both as to their time and quantity. A villan could acquire no property either in land or goods: but if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villan, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them again before the lord had seized them, for the lord had then lost his opportunity.—W. G. C.

Large Cypress Tree.—Mr. Exter, in 1827, measured a cypress-tree in the churchyard of Santa Maria de Tesla, two leagues and a half west of Oaxaca, whose trunk was 127 English feet in circumference, and 120 feet in height. It appeared in the prime of its growth, and had not a single dead branch.

A Butterfly with Five Wings.—In the *Zoological Journal*, (No. 13,) it is recorded that at a meeting of the Linnæan Society, on March 11, 1852, Mr. Stephens exhibited a remarkable monstrosity in a specimen of *Vanessa Urticæ*, which possessed five wings, the additional one being formed by a second, but smaller, hinder wing on one side.—J. F.

Origin of the Word Tomboy.—Verstegan gives the following origin of this word applied to romping girls:—"Tumbe, to dance; Tumboy, danced: hereof we yet call a wench that skipeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a tomboy: our name also of tumbling cometh from hence." J. H. F.

The Flea.—Mr. Kirby, in his celebrated *Introduction to Entomology*, (vol. ii. p. 376,) states that a lady seriously assured him she could distinctly hear the steps of a flea when pacing over her nightcap, and that it clicked as if walking in pattens. This reminds us of the man who said he could hear the singing noise in his neighbour's ear, and of him who declared he could hear the grass grow. J. F.

Chinese Advertisement.—The following is a specimen of the manuscript bills, or advertisements, which it is the custom in China to stick up against the walls, when children have been stolen, apprentices have run away, &c.:—"Chaug-Chaoulai, who issues this thanksgiving advertisement, lives outside the south gate, in Advert Tranquility-lane, where he has opened an incense-smoking-mosquito shop. On the evening of the 12th instant, two of his fellow-workmen in the shop, Ne-ahung and Atik, employed a stupefying drug, which, by its fumes, sunk all the partners in a deep sleep, during which they robbed the shop of all the money, clothes, &c., which they could carry away. Next morning, when the partners awoke, no trace was to be found of these two men. If any good people know

where they are, and will give information, a thanks-offering in flowery red paper of four dollars will be presented. Decidedly I will not eat my words. This advertisement is true. Ne-ahung is about twenty years of age, short stature, has a white face, and no beard. Atik, whose surname is not remembered, is upwards of twenty years of age, is tall, and no beard. Reign of Taoukwang, 9th year, 9th moon, 3rd day."—W. G. C.

Singular Discovery.—The Chevalier Ventura, formerly a distinguished officer in the French (Imperial) army, and now a general in the service of Runjeet Singh, was encamped in April, 1830, near Manekiala or Manieyala, where there are the ruins of a large city. The place is 72 miles east of the Indus, and 30 or 40 west of the Jhylum, or Hydaspes, in lat. 33° 23' north, and long. 73° 15' east. In Elphinstone's Cabul, the very remarkable stone cupola, on the top of a solid mound, which is believed by the natives to have been built by the gods, is described as bearing a much greater resemblance to Greek than to Hindoo architecture. General Ventura made an opening into the cupola, and, on digging three feet, he found six medals; and afterwards the workmen came to a chamber of hewn stone, twelve feet square. The excavation was continued to the depth of thirty-six feet, and another opening was made on the north side of the cupola. The excavations were afterwards continued until the setting in of the rains, and more than eighty medals were found. Most of them were copper, but some were gold and silver. There were also other curiosities, rings, and boxes containing liquids. Perhaps this may be the site of some of the cities that were founded by Alexander or Seleucus in the dominions of Taxiles. W. G. C.

No lawyers are allowed to reside on the island of St. Helena; nor is a newspaper permitted to be printed there; an almanac every year being the only production of the press.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXIV.

(From the *Weekly Dispatch*, February 8, 1835.)

"We have received Vol. XXIV. of that very clever weekly periodical, the *Mirror*. The engravings are extremely neat and effective, and the selections have been made with great taste."

(From the *Weekly True Sun*, February 8, 1835.)

"This cheap periodical fully maintains its character, and justifies the public voice, in preserving it amidst the extinction of some twenty or thirty works, similar in purpose and external appearance, started at the same period. The selections are made with great judgment, and the original papers,—many in number—would be creditable to works of far higher pretensions."

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